Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

# THE PACIFIC

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## THE DUTY LEFT UNDONE.

One virtuous and pure in heart did pray:
"Since none I wronged in deed or word today,
From whom should I crave pardon?
Master, say."

A voice replied:
"From the sad child whose joy thou hast not planned;
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand;
The rose that died for water from thy hand."

# THE PACIFIC

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**2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.**


## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Funds to the amount of $310.00 are now available for new buildings on the new site for Occidental College near Los Angeles. It is thought that college work will be opened up at the new site in September, 1912.

Since the United States assay office was established in Seattle in 1898, it has handled gold bars valued at $199,345,561.08—enough to make a train of twenty car loads. The record of the assay office for 1910 was $11,216,688.94.

Pasadena Methodists held a meeting of the English, German, Africo-American, Chinese and Japanese churches during the recent holidays. Bishop Hughes presided. Would that such sitting together "in heavenly places" were more common! It might free from many a foolish prejudice.

Open-air schools are planned for Los Angeles. They will be for those who are unable to conform to the requirements of the ordinary school room. Children showing a need for continuous open air sunlight and exercise will be sent to these schools until a normal condition can be attained.

A new book by the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Bethlehem Institute, Los Angeles, is announced. It is entitled, "The Better Country," and is said to be an up-to-date, practical survey of some of the most vital problems of the day. Mr. Bartlett sent forth a few years ago a valuable book entitled, "The Better City."

Frank S. Forbes, formerly pastor at Santa Barbara and in East Los Angeles, and who a few years ago entered on the practice of law, is now a justice of the peace in Los Angeles. He continues to preach as opportunity is afforded, and is all the time active in Christian work. For several months he has held a Sunday afternoon service at Manhattan Beach.

King county, Washington, in which the city of Seattle is situate, reports for 1910, 649 deaths from suicide, homicide and accident, along with sudden deaths, which required investigation by the coroner. For the two years ending in September, 1910, there were in the state of Washington 2,793 deaths from other than natural causes. There were 146 homicides and 458 suicides, and 79 of accidental poisoning. No other state will envy Washington her leadership in respect to these things.

The Los Angeles Independent notes with pleasure that a banquet was given not long ago in San Francisco to Governor-elect Johnson and Lieutenant-Governor-elect Wallace, at which no wine was served. This, it says, is to the credit of San Francisco and to the honor of Johnson and Wallace. The Independent goes on to say: "But it is disgusting to see how little sense of propriety some men show who have the arrangement of menu and program for banquets. On the occasion of the visit of President Taft to our city the committee, with full knowledge of the fact that the President's sister would be present, deluged the tables with liquors, every drop of which was spurned by the President and by Mayor Alexander, who were sitting side by side."

The work of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society in the State of Washington is in charge of a new superintendent now, recently appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene, who resigned early last year. The new superintendent, the Rev. John H. Matthews, comes from Worcester, Massachusetts. He is a Canadian by birth and education except as to the theological part, being a graduate of Bangor Seminary. A successful pastor for several years he turned later to city missionary and social setlement work in Worcester. Always a devoted and sucessful Sunday school worker, he was sought from time to time by the International Sunday School Association, but has preferred to have his life count in Congregationalism. The Pacific welcomes Mr. Matthews to the coast feeling confident that a worthy successor has been found to Dr. Greene, who did grand service for more than a quarter of a century.

The president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Los Angeles entertained 500 young men at a dinner on Christmas. Thirty-eight states and nineteen foreign countries were represented. Fifty-four of the young men were born in New York, 30 in Ohio, 30 in Pennsylvania, 26 in Iowa, 23 in Missouri, 22 in Illinois, 15 in California, 14 in Minnesota, 13 in Michigan, 12 in Massachusetts. From Canada came 21, from England 18. Among other foreign countries represented were: Russia, Austria, Hungary, Armenia, Morrocco, Sweden, Denmark, India, Australia, New Guinea, Switzerland, Germany, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Greenland. Nearly all of the five hundred are permanent residents of Los Angeles, only a few being transients. Thus is shown the cosmopolitan make-up of our Southern city and the wide reach of the Young Men's Christian Association in binding together diverse nationalities. Mr. Arthur Letts, the president of the Association, gave the dinner as a work of love and in remembrance of the days when he was a new-comer and stranger in this country and alone in a great city on Christmas day.

For three Sundays in February the pulpit of the First Congregational church of San Francisco will be occupied by the Rev. Dr. Aked, pastor of the First Baptist church of New York city. The church here named is often spoken of as Mr. Rockefeller's church. It is situate in the heart of the great city of New York, on 46th street, near Fifth avenue, and pays a salary of $10,000 a year, which is this year, we believe, to be made $12,000. Dr. Aked, who is one of the world's famous preachers, came a few years ago from England to enter on the pastorate there. It would be a great thing for San Francisco and the whole

Pacific Coast if this visit here should so impress him with the opportunities for Christian work on these Western shores as to make possible his permanent settlement with us. But no San Francisco church would perhaps hardly dare to aspire to win from New York John D. Rockefeller's pastor. However, some such man as Dr. Aked is needed to make the Old First church what Coast Congregationalists would like to see it—the greatest center for good on the American continent. The time is coming when the front door of the continent will be on Pacific shores instead of on Atlantic. And the Christian stamp should be put on our civilization.

In a New Year letter to the people of the First Congregational Church of Redlands the Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams says: "The past year has brought, to some, happy experiences—happy hours and days; to others, sad and trying experiences. Which are the more valuable we can not always tell, but whatever develops strength and trust, and fits us for service, is of value." Looking toward the future, Dr. Williams continues: "One has said, 'The world was never better worth preparing for than now,' and it certainly never needed Christian service more than now. This is true of no part of our country more than of Southern California. The recent census returns put our state in the front rank in the per cent of increase. What the next ten years may bring no man is wise enough fully to predict, but it is true that the Christian church has here one of those opportunities which come but rarely—of shaping the future of a great state. The ideal church at such a time seeks to realize three things. It seeks, first, to develop its own life, material and spiritual, that it may be a source of strength to its own members and a force for righteousness in the city. In the second place it is alive to the importance, in common with its denomination and other churches, of doing its share in developing the religious life of the state. And, third, it has seen the vision of the possibility of the Christian church giving the gospel to the whole world in this generation." And that the Redlands church may more and more be characterized by these three things is his ambition, hope and prayer.

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The reduction in the price of lower berths by the Pullman Car Company will lessen its receipts $1,200,000 a year. But the Pullman Company can stand it, for it has been one of the largest dividend payers in the history of corporations.

The year 1910 goes into history as one in which greater use was made of laymen in Christian work than ever before. Business and professional men have given time and thought to such work in an unprecedented manner. This has been the case, not only in this country, but in England and Scotland also. This relates to Roman Catholic churches as well as to Protestant.

Mr. W. A. Hartshorn of the International Sunday-school Association has returned to Boston after a thorough tour of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Boston papers report Mr. Hartshorn as saying that he found everywhere great and unusual interest in the convention which is to be held in San Francisco next June. "Nearly twenty-five hundred delegates, speakers and official visitors, will lead a host of from six thousand to ten thousand Sunday-school people, who will go to the convention from east of the Rockies. Great interest is manifested on the Pacific coast and in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. Train loads will represent this interest in a practical form. A great program is being made. The program committee, of which Mr. Hartshorn is chairman, held a meeting in Chicago this week to outline the plans. It has been a great Sunday-school week in Chicago, with the program committee in session, and the meetings of the international world's executive committees—the uniform lesson committee that selects the topics, the text, and the golden texts of th lesson studied each week by nearly twenty-five million people in the 275,000 Sunday-schools throughout the world. On his tour Mr. Hartshorn has organized the Sunday-school forces of Salt Lake City into a working Sunday-school union—the consummation of a plan greatly desired, but never practically realized." Mr. Hartshorn writes to friends that the trip has been the most important, and has produced the most visible results, of any official tour he has made since he became the recognized leader of the Sunday-school forces of North America, in 1902, when he succeeded the loved and lamented leader, Mr. B. F. Jacobs of Chicago, as chairman of the international executive committee.

The Boston Transcript, which is in our judgment the best daily paper published in the United States, notes the coming together of religious bodies of late in remarkable fellowship and unusual co-operation, and says: "Distinctive names are disappearing, and American Christianity is today divided into only two camps, the Roman and the Protestant. Within five years, the prediction is, there will be a common name for the latter as well understood as the former. The change, or much of it, has come within the year just ended, a considerable part of the change within the past six months." The Transcript goes on to say: "It is admitted on all hands that the greatest single change of the year has come in the Episcopal Church. Such change is indicated by a phrase in a resolution on Christian unity adopted at the general convention of that church in Cincinnati in October. The phrase was "sins of exclusiveness" referring to attitude toward other Christian bodies. It passed without any opposition. Such phrase would it is said have been hooted out of the convention held in San Francisco in 1901, or even the one in Boston in 1904. Some indications of the change came to the surface at Richmond in 1907, in part under the influence of the Bishop of London, a most democratic prelate, but almost all of the change has come within the twelve months just closed. The verdict is that never before was such a change noted within such time in any religious body. There has been it is claimed no sacrifice of principle. Nobody has lost his self-respect. Three years ago, when a supposed open pulpit law had been adopted there was clamor in all directions. Some wanted a convention recalled to repeal it. When the convention came in regular order to be called the law was a dead letter. Nobody cared what action was taken. Action was taken, it is true, but it was insignificant, and attracted no attenion. This incident illustrates the tremendous change in sentiment, and the larger appreciation of others, even others who differ."

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## NEW BROTHERHOOD SECRETARY A NATIVE OF CALIFORNIA.

The Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, the secretary of the Congreational Brotherhood, selected recently, after most careful search and deliberation, was born in Merced, California, in 1877. He was educated at Santa Rosa College, California, and the Garrett Biblical Institute in Chicago. Since 1908 he has been pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Atlanta, Georgia, going thither from

Springfield, Ohio, where he had a highly successful pastorate for four years with the First Congregational Church.

At Atlanta Mr. Atkinson has been a lecturer on "Applied Christianity" in the Atlanta Theological Seminary; also, an institute lecturer under the direction of the United States department of agriculture.

It has been said concerning him that he believes that brotherhood is the fundamental fact of life. "In his personal relations with men he has gone a long way toward bringing together the representatives of capital and labor in the cities where he has lived. He has maintained the friendship and support of those who employ and he has been welcomed as the champion of the rights of those who toil. He has a genius for friendship. He belongs to the new civilization of brotherly men."

Such was his relation to the workingmen in Springfield that when he was about to leave that city for Atlanta the Trades and Labor Assembly sent a communication to a similar organization in Atlanta which led the Journal of Labor in that city to announce his coming and to say in connection therewith: "The Journal of Labor is proud to record the fact that there are many men occupying the pulpits of the churches whom we are free to call friends; men who know and feel the heart-throbs of the people; men who, though not always agreeing with labor in all of its demands, recognize that behind it all is a yearning for a better and higher life."

Most hearty welcome was given Mr. Atkinson and he was soon made a fraternal delegate to the Atlanta Federation of Trades.

Mr. Atkinson goes to Chicago to enter on his duties as secretary of the Brotherhood on the 16th of this month.

When the committee of the Brotherhood began a few months ago to look for a man to act as secretary in the new department it formulated for its guidance a statement of such qualifications as in its judgment the man should possess.

"1. He should be a man of genuine personal religious experience.

"2. One who has profound convictions concerning the power of the Gospel and the church to effect social reconstruction. Mere academic interest in social theory is not enough.

"3. A man of exceptional social intelligence, well informed in all the modern industrial, civic and philanthropic conditions and movements.

"4. A man who can secure access to employers and employes alike and be able to discuss with them intelligently the problems of their mutual relationships.

"5. A man who has the courage to speak the truth to the churches in love concerning the problems of labor and capital and their mutual relationships.

"6. A man who will be fair to both sides in the industrial world and by his fairness and manliness commend himself in difficult situations to both sides in any dispute.

"7. One who will be capable of making worthy contributions to current literature on labor and social service. Therefore a man with the journalistic sense and, if possible, at least some journalistic experience.

"8. A constructive leader who will be furnished with a program to offer to the churches in their general definition of policy or in any specific problem.

"9. A man who will carry unquestioned loyalty to the church and the denomination along with a broad and deep sympathy for living men and for the problems to the solution of which he is to contribute.

"10. One who will rally the entire Brotherhood constituency to the work of his department; therefore not too much of an individualist."

With the foregoing in mind they fixed unanimously on Mr. Atkinson, discovering, however, in their search, that Congregationalism is rich in leaders in social progress—men in different parts of the country being found who were worthy of most serious consideration for such a position.

The December number of The Brotherhood Era contained an article by Mr. Atkinson, entitled "The Christmas Prophecy," which we quote here:

"There is one time in the year when prince and pauper, rich and poor, efficient and incompetent, learned and ignorant, all stand on the same level. On Christmas day, through the blazing windows of the stately mansion, may be seen the 'reign of joy.' The decorations of holly, mistletoe, and smilax, mingled with evergreen, make a fit setting for the happy, well-fed, richly clothed children, dancing and playing in the warm firelight. In the alley behind this elegant home, the hovel is also brightened and cheered by the spirit of the day. The small wreath of holly, the unusual fire, and the plentiful supply of good things to eat, make glad the hearts of the numerous, ill-fed, half-clothed children, with whom the parents rejoice. A truce in the grim battle against hunger and cold is called for a day at least. The palace and the hovel are on speaking terms. The narrow alley is no longer an impassable gulf, the Prince of Peace has bridged it. But the pity of it all, it is just for one day.

"Christmas is a prophecy of the time when the struggle for existence in our cities will not be so fierce; a time when he who exploits labor cannot get a hearing for his pious platitudes about love; a time when the arrogant shop owner who would preach purity, must pay his girls enough so that they can live decently and comfortably; a time when a huge pile of stone called a home will not impress and overawe the common lot of men, nor excuse benevolent snobbery; a prophecy of the time when the toiler shall reap the benefit of his toil and his children need not be sacrificed in the battle for life; a time when He who came as a little child shall be so revered, that no child labor law will be needed to stop the "murder of the innocents"; a time when brawn, brain and capital will stand together shoulder to shoulder, and will share equally in the product of their labor; a prophecy of the time when all men will recognize that they are brothers and God is the Father of all.

"These prophecies are coming to fulfillment because Jesus of Nazareth is each year proving himself to be the Prince of Peace. War, struggle, hatred all vanish before true peace—a peace not like that of the ancient fable, 'a peace of the vulture and the goose,' but a peace eternal because founded upon the principles of justice, equity and universal love.

"Was there a star, were there angels, was there an angels' song, at the birth of Jesus? These questions lose themselves in the light of that star which is shining upon the pathway of our modern life. The song of the angels is being sung in millions of hearts every day. Multitudes, some bent with pain, others crying out in the desolation and awful lonesomenesss of sudden bereavement, many pleading for help and mercy from the depth of sin, are rejoicing because Jesus has found them, and they have found Him—the Prince of Peace."

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### JUST A WORD HELPS.

A young girl was pasing an aged aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head,

and said: "How pretty your hair is, Aunt Mary!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther today when I remarked, 'What a pretty dress you have on! and how nice you look in it!' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would please her so."

"I never to expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw the evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—The Young Evangelist.

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## STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN.

On the first of January each year the Chicago Tribune publishes a statistical record for the old year which is as accurate as anything of the kind can be. We have gone over it carefully for the year 1910 and have made up an article for the readers of The Pacific.

Except as to war and epidemics the record is for the United States alone.

### Donations and Bequests.

The totals for the year 1910 are $141,604,538, according to the record kept by the Chicago Tribune. Of this amount $97,492,407 represents gifts and $44,112,131 bequests. These sums have been distributed as follows: To charities of various kinds, $56,229,243; to educational institutions, $61,283,182; to religious institutions, $12,654,433; to art museums, galleries, and public improvements, $9,536,680. A significant feature is the rapidly decreasing amount given to libraries ($1,911,000), which a few years ago occupied a conspicuous place in such records. Increased beneficence on the part of women is noted, who have given during the year $8,743,722 to charities, $6,433,250 to schools and colleges, $3,025,500 to museums and galleries, $2,432,270 to religious institutions, and $148,000 to libraries.

### Embezzlements.

In embezzlements, bank wreckings and forgeries the year 1910 shows a large increase over 1909, as well as 1908. The totals for 1908 were $13,000,000; for 1909, they were $8,000,000. And for 1910 they amounted to $25,000,000.

Banks suffered loss to the extent of $15,000,000; loan associations $2,000,000. To public officers are assigned $2,000,000; to agents $1,000,000. Miscellaneous $2,500,000. The forgeries totaled $2,500,000.

### Lynchings.

The year 1910 showed fewer lynchings than 1909, the number being 74. In 1909 it was 87; and in 1908 it was 100.

In only one state in the North was there any lynching in 1910—that in Newark, Ohio, in July. The number in Southern states was: Alabama, 8; Arkansas, 9; Florida, 17; Georgia, 12; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 3; Mississippi, 5; Missouri, 2; North Carolina, 1; Oklahoma, 2; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 2; Texas, 7; Virginia, 1; New Mexico, 1. Of the total number there were nine whites and sixty-five negroes, among the latter three women.

Statistics since 1884 show that lynching reached high-water mark in 1892, the number that year being 255.

### Suicides.

There were 2,178 more suicides in the United States in 1910 than in 1909, the number being 12,608. Of this number 8,252 were men and 4,356 women Physicians, as usual, head the list among professional men, the number being 51, as compared to 27 in 1909 and 42 in 1908, and clergymen come next, 11 of them having taken their own lives. The causes of suicide have been as follows: Despondency 6,673, unknown 1,320, insanity 925, domestic infelicity 1,145, ill health 1,230, business losses 220, liquor 270, disappointment in love 825. The most significant feature of these figures is the increasing number of these who were led to suicide by ill health.

### Homicides.

Homicides in 1910 numbered 8,975, an increase of 872 over 1909. The various causes were: Quarrels 4,049, unknown 984, liquor 798, by highwaymen 930, jealousy 612, infanticide 126, highwaymen killed 73, resisting arrest 106, insanity 225, riots 46, self-defense 76, strikes 53, criminal outrage 15.

The most significant feature of these figures is the increase in murders committed by thugs, thieves, burglars, and hold-up men, the number being an increase of 33 over that of 1909. There have been 186 cases of murder and suicide, 27 double murders, 6 triple murders, 4 quadruple murders, 15 murders by highbinders and 40 by the Black Hand.

### Legal Executions.

The number of legal executions in 1910 is slightly less than the number in 1909, being 104, compared with 107 in the latter year and 92 in 1908. Classified by states the record is as follows: Alabama, 6; Arkansas, 7; California, 2; Connecticut, 1; North Dakota,1; Florida, 4; Georgia, 7; Illinois, 2; Iowa, 1; Kentucky 2; Louisiana 4; Massachusetts, 1; Mississippi, 3; Missouri, 3; New York, 9; New Jersey 4; Nevada, 1; North Carolina, 2; Ohio, 4; Oklahoma, 1; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 9; South Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 6; Virginia, 11; Washington 2. There were 37 executions in northern and 67 in southern states, and in these cases 50 were whites, 53 negroes, and 1 Indian. The crimes for which they were executed were murder, 94; rape, 9; and attempted rape, 1.

### Hunting Casualties.

The reports show 232 killed during the year and 219 injured.

The largest numbers were in Michigan, 46 killed and 26 injured. For Wisconsin the figures were 33 and 42. In California 7 were killed and 3 injured. In Washington one person was killed and one injured; in Oregon five were killed.

Twelve of the victims were mistaken for deer.

### Railroad Fatalities.

The railroad fatalities, as reported in the daily papers were: Deaths, 3,520; injuries, 21,856.

For the year ending June 30 the Interstate Commerce Commission reported 3,004 killed and 82,374 injured.

### War Losses and Epidemics Throughout the World.

The loss of life by epidemics in Europe shows a large increase over the last two years, being approximately 150,000, as compared with 5,000 in 1909 and 50,000 in 1908. The two principal sufferers were Russia and Italy, which together lost about 102,000 victims of cholera.

The wars of 1910 have mostly been short lived and not destructive. One thousand five hundred and fifty have been killed in Africa, 20 in Corea, 1,060 in China, 45 in

India, 550 in Syria, 1,300 in Arabia, 2,103 in Albania, 113 in Morocco, 300 in Portugal 11 in Persia and 200 in Tripoli. The battle losses in Mexico, Central and South America as the outcome of revolutions were as follows: Mexico, 2,653; Nicaragua, 2,406; Honduras, 116; Brazil, 400; Uruguay, 500. The total for the year was about 13000, as compared with 68,000 in 1909 and 22,000 in 1908.

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## IN ROMANCE LAND.

W. N. Burr.

How common the thought that "all the world is enchanted ground except the spot on which we are standing! ' Most of us are stricken more or less with wanderlust in these restless days. We want to be "going somewhere," to see the things that are pictured in our history-books, and the lands afar that the army of newspaper correspondents and magazine writers are visiting and describing—said descriptions flying like doves to our windows in these days of current literature storm. And perhaps all the time there are sights and sounds not far from our own dooryards that carry all the charm and uplift of scenes in lands afar, except, of course, the historic spell. If it is the enchantment of the pyramids that our souls long for we must go to Egypt for that; and there is in all the world but one Stratford town with the spirit of the immortal Shakespeare hovering in the air.

But sometimes we are favored by having the flavor of things that enchant brought to our doors, thus saving us an the expense of time and strength and money that travel demands.

I had a sense of "the pastime ground of old Cockaigne," and bits of a good many other picturesque pastime grounds as I stood last Monday with the crowd, held back by a single srand of heavy wire, and watched the parade at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. But my tournament began three hours before the fantastic procession began to move down in Pasadena.

Given, a cloudless, mid-winter day in Southern California; sunshine flooding the land, yet a bit of a nip in the chill morning air; mountains to the right of you, mountains to the left of you, and a good road beneath your feet, and who would not rather walk four miles to a carline than ride six miles in any automobile or behind anybody's horse. Oh, these mountains! The automobiles go too fast for me. I want time to lift up my eyes unto the hills, time to allow them to saturate my soul with strength, time to wach the play of light and shade upon their ragged sides. I want to stop once in a while, perhaps to rest an arm affectionately upon the rail of the old bridge, and drink in the delights of the great Arroyo; and sometimes I want to stand stock still and

> "—take with forehead bare
> The benediction of the air."

I am not sure but the four-mile walk yielded me more that is worth while than all the "Tournament" sights that I looked upon later down on the crowded streets of the Crown City. These first days of the new year have been exceptionally clear and calm, neither cloud nor wind taking aiy part at all in the weather pageant. The almost rainless season thus far has left the mountain sides and the valley fields as brown as in the summer time; but it is our faith that we have not only "stormy wind fulfilling His word," but dry, clear, quiet seasons as well. In His own good time the rains will come, and mountain and valley will be green again.

There seemed to be very little evidence of "a dry season" down on the streets of the Tournament city. It was apparently a gala day in a horn of plenty. The multitude gathered in numbers that must have been quite satisfactory to all loyal Pasadenans; and the parade was certainly not presided over by any Priest of Poverty.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is not a dream, after all, here in Southern California. It has become a reality, transferred, however, from midsummer to midwinter. For an hour and twenty minutes we stood and watched the pageant as it moved in most becoming fashion along Colorado street. It was made up of floats and fancies and fandangoes and fanfare flourishings. Its personnel ranged from the daintiest of fairies to His Satanic Majesty. The little folks in fairy guise cleared one's eyes of impurities, and threw upon life for the moment the white light of innocence and refinement. But Satan came also, a Mephistopeles on horseback, astray from the pages of "Faust"; and his coarseness was in sharp contrast to the sweetness and innocence of the fairies. A cheer arose from some point in the crowd as he came along. "I'll see you later," he called back significantly, with a Satanic grin. I had the January "Atlantic" in my hand, and had skimmed Prof. Eastman's "The Ignominy of Being Good," while waiting for the parade. I think I appreciated, but did not altogether relish, its "smartness." The taste that it left in my mouth was suggestive of green persimmons. I was indulging in a thought or two provoked by the magazine article when the fairies with Satan not so very far behind came within range of my vision. "Ignominy is not the worst thing that has ever fallen to the lot of man," I said to my inner self, "and I shall continue to preach goodness even though Max Eastman and Walt Whitman and some other folks have taught that 'there is something disgusting about what we call being good! There is nothing disgusting about the fairies in that float yonder, but the coarseness of that Mephistophelian rider strikes me as anything but warmly comfortable. I'll hold to a place as close as possible beside the Gentle Man who said, 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom.' "

Plumed cavaliers and shabby mountebanks appeared in the parade, and before them and behind them floral floats, and carriages, carts and autos, all heavily flower-dressed. We are told that the floral display at the Tournament this year did not reach the highwater mark of former years, as flowers are not so plentiful on account of the tardiness of the rain.

Companies of "Woodmen" with gleaming axes on their shoulders marched by in most orderly stiffness. Whether theirs is The Ancient Order of Modern Woodmen or not, this scribe is not prepared to say; but most of them had the stamp of youth still upon their faces, and in all probability they are more familiar with schoolboy tactics than will actual woodchopping. An old rhyme came to my mind as they marched by:

> "Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy?
> And did you never train,
> And feel that swelling of the heart
> You ne'er shall feel again?
>
> "Didst never meet far down the street
> With plumes and banners gay,
> While the kettle for the kettledrum
> Played your march, march away?
>
> "We charged upon a flock of geese,
> And put them all to flight,
> Except one sturdy gander

That thought to show us fight."
But "we" pitched into the gander, and finally
"We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man."

The rather youthful "Woodmen," and the fine company of "Boy Scouts" and some other companies of men and boys were wonderfully suggestive, in their accoutrements and their air of importance, of old-time schoolboy seriousness in soldierly play. Even the older men in the ranks of the "Odd Fellows" or "Knights' Templars," or whatever their organization may be that demands purple or white or red plumes upon their hats, seemed only grown-up schoolboys putting a show of seriousness into their play. By and by the Grand Army men came marching by, veterans of the Civil War. Ah! that was the time for taking off one's hat. There were men whose marching had been no play nor mere semblance of something serious. One felt that he was looking into the face of the Actual when the old soldiers came along.

By and by it was a company of cowboys—and cowgirls—that passed; or to be more dignified, and perhaps more truthful, it was the "Out West Riding Club," men and women mounted on smart horses, some of the men having had actual experiences in cowboy life, no doubt, and some of them just ordinary horseback men.

For over an hour we were in Romance Land. Have you ever been "lost" in a volume of Walter Scott or Bulwer Lytton, quite oblivious to the life about you? Some of us had visions of tourneys of the centuries past while the gay procession moved before us the other day, and when we awoke it was but to feel that we Southern Californians do live in Romance Land every day of our lives. Enchanted ground is not far from every one of us beneath these skies, and among these mountains, or beside our sea.

La Canada, California.

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## A PIOUS PLOT AGAINST SOME YOUNG PEOPLE AND WHAT HAPPENED.

The president of the Christian Endeavor Society was wrapped in Stygian gloom. He had shot his last round and there was no more ammunition in his locker. But the pastor was left, and to him he went for re-enforcement. "You see, it is this way," he said. "Almost all of our members are in the Sunday-school. They have been handling their Bibles and looking up verses and talking about ethical or devotional or biographical topics, beside singing considerable and listening to prayers—all this at the Sunday-school session. It really seems to most of them, therefore, a useless reduplication to follow these lines of Christian Endeavor topics again in the evening. Oh, I know they are not the same subjects as the Sunday-school lessons," he explained in answer to the raised eyebrows of the pastor, "but don't you see the general sphere of work is the same—singing, Bible-reading, passages of Scripture, topic to be followed—everything like the Sunday-school. At any rate, it won't work any longer. The two or three of us who are loyal to the old Father Endeavor pledge idea cannot generate enthusiasm for it among the rest of the crowd. Our topic cards are most attractively printed. The themes are live ones, too. But the scheme will not turn another wheel. Now, what shall we do?"

John's pastor thought a moment. Then he said, "You do not believe that the young people are averse to administering their own affairs by themselves, do you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "it is not that. There is plenty of zeal for something good tucked away in their hearts, but the present regime does not appeal to them." "Let me think it over a day, and I will have a solution ready, I hope," was the reply, and the two men parted.

When John next called, the pastor was ready with his plan. "Why not turn the Society into a Mission Study Class?" John's looks fell. "I am afraid that the heathen do not appeal to our young people. Our monthly missionary meetings, under the topic card system, were always scantily attended and laboriously sustained. To do that sort of thing right along would kill the society sure!" "You do not quite get my idea," was the reply. "If I remember the scheme correctly, your monthly missionary meetings, which have proved such a doleful failure, take up disconnected subjects in quite a heterogeneous and scattered fashion—Negroes, Indians, Chinese, Hindoos, Turks—all jumbled together, like the tongues on the Day of Pentecost." John grinned. "Why, yes sir, that is about the way it looks. But we thought that that was the method which would give us the largest view of missions." "No doubt, and that is precisely the aim of the United Societies in preparing such a horizon-wide target. For that is exactly what you have got—a target as wide as all outdoors, with no bull's-eye. What kind of marksmen will that artillery practice make?" This time John laughed outright, but before he could answer, the pastor went on with kindling enthusiasm, "No, what we want is system, progression, concentration. Under the old once-a-month, diversified-subject style of missionary prayer-meetings, you arouse nothing more than a bewilderment in the minds of all over the hugeness of the missionary enterprise. At the end of a year how much definite, concrete, accurate and first-hand knowledge of missions do the members of the society have—taking for granted that they attend the missionary meetings?" "Mighty little, I confess," replied John, ruefully. "Naturally, and inevitably—and what is more, a subtle distaste for the whole great enterprise is engendered. There is no appetite for an insipid dish. Season it and put a little spice in it, and best of all, make it a course all by itself, and you will note a big change. Now, working along that line, we are going to solve this vexatious question. Look at these books on the table. Are not their very titles fascinating? 'Uganda's White Man of Work, The Uplift of China, Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom, Heroes of the Cross in America, Aliens or Americans? The Challenge of the City.' Take a peep inside, and note the illustrations. See how neatly and attractively the books are gotten up. You would almost be ready to read them as you would some fiction from the public library. And they are not expensive, thirty-five cents apiece in paper, and a little more in board covers. The first thing to do is to stimulate the curiosity and imagination of these young people who think of missions as ponderous, arid and old-fogishly pious. Convince them that heroism, romance, high achievement, soul-stirring adventure and all the elements of life which appeal to red-blooded young people, are to be found within the covers of these books, and all you have got to do is to arrange your schedule, for the train will run of itself.

I want you to call a meeting of your society at the parsonage. Be sure every member comes, stimulated by nothing more, if need be, than idle curiosity. You and I can manage things when we get the crowd."

So, a few evenings later, it was an alert and eager gathering of young people who met in the parsonage parlor. They knew that their pastor had something to propose, and the very novelty of the situation appealed to them. First, and almost before they knew it, they had

resolved themselves into a committee of the whole on grievances. Pretty nearly the same ground was covered as John had gone over in his talk with the pastor. There was no doubt that the topic-card system of devotional meetings had lost its grip upon the society. Most every member cried, "I pray thee, have me excused" when the leaders of the meeting were being selected at the beginning of each half-year. Like Jacob, the meetings went limping.

"What do you think of these as additions to the Public Library?" suddenly asked the pastor, pointing to the little pile of books on the table which he and John had looked over. One by one the young people picked them up, curiously regarded their titles, idly opened their pages, lingered a little over the pictures, stopped now and then at a chapter heading, and then started to return them to the table, when the pastor spoke again. "Which one strikes you as the most interesting?" "Couldn't we take a vote on it," suggested John? "Capital idea," was the delighted reply, and in less than a minute more than a score of heads—brown and black and flaxen, curly and straight-haired—were eagerly bending over the same books which a few moments before had aroused such languid interest. The ballot was taken amid much excitement, and resulted in eleven votes for The Uplift of China, six for Uganda's White Man of Work, four for The Challenge of the City, while a couple of High School girls showed their appetite for biography by favoring Princely Men of the Heavenly Kingdom. "Uplift of China wins!" shouted John. "I move that we all get copies and read and study it Sunday evenings in place of our Christian Endeavor topics." The proposal met with instant acceptance, those who had voted for other books gracefully yielding to the large plurality who wanted to know about the Kingdom of the Dragon.

This really proved to be the key to the problem. In a fortnight each member possessed a text-book, leaders were appointed, plans of study were enthusiastically devised, books furnishing collateral reading were gladly set aside on a shelf in the town library for the use of the members, and a new spirit pervaded the Christian Endeavor hour.

And did they neglect devotions, and was the Bible superseded by a text-book, and did the Christian Endeavor pledge lose its hold? Many of the older church members were concerned about these things, and even visited the chapel to see what manner of innovation this mission study might be. It was noticeable, however, that coming once to criticize, they came again to sympathize, and finally, to ask the privilege of studying, too. For they found that the spirit of prayer and whole-hearted consecration pervaded the place, and it dawned upon them that accurate and popularly presented information about missions might react upon the daily ethical and spiritual lives of the students.

John tells the editor, who prints this story, that he is ready to enlarge upon this matter in detail with any one who is interested enough to write him. The editor of The Pacific will give you his address.

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### THE UPLIFTING OF THE NEGRO.

A movement has been inaugurated in Chicago which will in all probability give that city in a short time the first Young Men's Christiaan Association exclusively for negroes. Two citizens, Mr. Julius Rosenwald and Mr. N. W. Harris, offer $25,000 each toward a fund of $150,000 for a building for that purpose. It is thought that $50,000 can be raised among the negroes themselves and $50,000 by popular subscriptions. A feature of the proposition made by Mr. Rosenwald, which will be of widespread interest, is that he offers to give $25,000 for a similar purpose in any city in the United States in which $75,000 additional will be raised.

It is significant that the man who seeks thus to uplift the negroes in the United States is a Jew.

In an address to negroes in Chicago at the time his offer was announced, Mr. Rosenwald said:

"This, as you know, is the season which is proclaimed to be the season of peace and good will to men. It sounds fine. And I do not believe there could be a better ideal to work to than that one, but I am afraid, up to this time, it has been mainly an ideal.

"You probably imagine that the colored people are the only people who don't get their rights, but if it is any consolation to you, I want to say to you that there are white people who suffer a great deal more.

"The Jewish race, which dates back thousands of years and like yours dates back to a time when they were known to be in slavery, has been persecuted and legislated against in all countries of the world since the beginning of time.

"In Russia today the Jews are persecuted in a way that you would not believe. It is not a question of color, but of religion.

"These people are tortured; they are not permitted to enter the schools of the country; they are kept within certain districts, and not permitted to live outside of them in a good many of the towns of Russia. The government encourages persecution at different times. There have been masacres. I only mention this to console you, if it is at all consoling.

"And when these people have suffered for thousands of years you ought not to feel very badly at the progress you have made in the last thirty or forty years. You have got a great deal more to hope for than the Jews of the world have had since the time they were in slavery."

In a letter to the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Rosenwald said:

"I have been considering for some time the question of the best method of assisting the colored people, particularly in our large cities, in securing such facilities for education and recreation as are afforded to others through your organization in Chicago and similar organizations in other cities.

"It has seemed to me that both in the interest of the colored race and in the interest of the country, it is essential that there should be in every community in which there are large numbers of colored people a building primarily for men and boys, devoted to such purposes for their use.

"They have not, as yet, in their own ranks, a sufficient number of people whose means would enable them to establish and adequately equip such institutions, and it is, therefore, in my judgment, the duty of the white people of the country, irrespective of their religious beliefs, to evidence their interest in the welfare of these, their neighbors, by assisting to supply this need.

"In order, however, that such institutions may be successfully managed, it is important that some permanent organization take the matter in hand; and in my judgment there is no organization better suited for this work than yours."

Mr. Harris, whose offer is to Chicago alone, is a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and recognizing that it is important that the young men of the colored race be trained to take advantage of every

opportunity along industrial, moral and religious lines, he sees in the Y. M. C. A. a channel for their development.

It is estimated that there are in Chicago today 100,000 negroes, and that not less than 25,000 young men and boys would make use of the Y. M. C. A. advantages.

In the territory in which most of them live there are 167 saloons each paying a license of $1,000, and which represent invested capital of many millions of dollars. On this investment the negroes pay annually a handsome dividend and reap for themselves poverty and degradation. It is thought that a Y. M. C. A. building planted in the midst will go a long way towards driving the saloons from the black belt.

### HEAVENLY ARCHITECTURE.

**Belle W. Cooke.**

As one who seeks for precious gems
On ocean's sand or mountain height,
To polish for earth's diadems
Or fit in golden settings bright,
So seek I, on the shores of thought,
For glowing stones of prisoned light—
By storms or waves of passion brought—
To seize and raise them up to sight.

Once to my seeking soul with power
A beautious gem of thought was brought,
Suggesting that we build each hour
By heavenly architecture taught.
"The holy city lies four-square,"
It's every line proportion shows,
Length, breadth and height all equal are,
And thus true symmetry disclose.

So should the structure of our lives
Be builded by the careful soul,
E'en pennies that one spends or gives
Add lines of beauty to the whole.
In every action beauty lies,
If measured by the golden rule,
Just acts and tender love comprise
The spirit's temple beautiful.

Berkeley, Cal.

### NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Professor Nash, of Pacific Theological Seminary, will go to Southern California next week to attend the inaugural of Dr. Blaisdell as president of Pomona College.

The article entitled "A Pious Plot Against Some Young People and What Happened" was written by a California pastor. As stated therein the editor of The Pacific is authorized to give his name and address to any who wish further information.

Next Monday there will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, but instead there will be a union meeting in the Y. M. C. A. building at 10:45 to be adressed by President Harada, of the Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan; also by President Motoda, of St. Paul's school, of the same city.

Next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock President Harada, of the Doshisha, the far-famed educational institution founded in Japan by Neesima, will give a public address in the First Congregational church of Oakland. The meeting will be under the direction of the Woman's Board of Misions for the Pacific, and at the close of the address the board will give a reception to Dr. Harada.

### WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

Quarterly meeting will be held Januaary 19, 1911, at Market Street Church, Oakland. Sessions, 10:30 a. m., and 1:30 p. m. Addresses by Mrs. E. D. Ward, of the National Interdenominational Council of Women for Home Missions, and Mrs. G. H. Schneider, President of the Women's Home Missionary Union of Illiinois.

Luncheon, 15cts. per plate. To reach the church take the Key Route to 22nd and Market streets, and walk four blocks to Market and 18th streets; or take Hollis street car at 14th street, which passes the door, or 16th street car to 16th and Market streets.

MARY M. BELL, Secretary.

# Among the Churches.

**California.**

**Redlands.**—Two persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion.

**Campbell.**—Seven persons united with the church at the last communion service, one on confession.

**San Rafael.**—Repairs are being made on the church building to the extent of $500.

**San Francisco, Bethany.**—Four persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion.

**Berkeley, First.**—Next Sunday morning President Harada, of the Doshosha, Japan, will speak.

**Los Angeles, Plymouth.**—A friend of Plymouth having offered to give $1,000 to free the church from debt, provided an additional $1,000 needed was pledged, there was ready response, and so the new year is entered on by Pastor Mallows and his people with no indebtedness.

**San Francisco, First.**—The pulpit was ocupied last Sunday by President Eaton, of Beloit College. President Wheeler, of the University of California, is announced for next Sunday evening. The following Sunday evening President Jordan, of Stanford, will speak on from "War to Law."

**Oakland, Fruitvale Avenue.**—At the New Year's communion six were received into membership, three by letter and three by re-confession. The church observed the Week of Prayer throughout the week, Rev. C. W. Hinman and Rev. L. D. Rathbone assisting at some of the meetings. The Sunday school entered upon the graded work in all departments this month.

**Lodi.**—On New Year's Day, a fine day, too, a splendid audience gathered in the Congregational church, and listened to a sermon from the pastor, F. M. Washburn, on the great subject of "The Fatherhood of God." The Lord's Supper was partaken of by a large number; and three new members were received into the church, one on confession and two by letter. On Friday, the 6th inst., 150 persons sat at the annual banquet of the church in joyful fellowship for

the annual meeting. At 1:30 o'clock the members and friends assembled in the auditorium for the hearing of annual reports, election of officers and planning for the new year. The benevolences of the church were very encouraging, having met the full apportionment of $300 for our seven societies. The home expenses had all been met, and something in the treasury besides. The meeting was called the best in the history of the church.

**Avalon.**—This church met in annual meeting Wednesday, January 4th. The report of the clerk shows great progress all along the line. During the year eighteen persons were added to the membership. Twelve were received on confession and six by letter. The church benevolences amounted to $260. Remembering that the church only came to self-support since June, 1910, up to which date the sum of $280 a year was received from the Missionary Society, this is a most remarkable "forward movement" for this little church to make. The treasurer's report shows a balance on hand of over $300. The Ladies' Aid Society expended over $200 on a new kitchen, donated $100 to the church, and closed the year with $75 on hand. The spiritual life of the church is good, and complete harmony is everywhere visible. The gospel of salvation is preached by the pastor, M. A. Martin, and our Heavenly Father approves the work by blessing the workers.

**Niles.**—The church was filled Sunday evening to listen to an interesting lecture on "Pilgrims of the Pacific West" by a representative of the Church Building Society. Subscriptions amounting to several thousand dollars were made for a new $10,000 edifice on one of the most desirable lots in town, bids to be received on January 14th. The movement is largely of the community, more than one hundred subscribers being on the list. Rev. F. V. Jones, the popular pastor, has hosts of friends, and in the six years of his work, the salary has been doubled, $200 being recently added, membership increased and attendance greatly augmented. The evening service has been re-established and now is more largely attended than the morning. A Men's League has charge of the service two Sunday nights each month, and many men formerly unconcerned about the church are now taking hold in good earnest. With the growth which seems certain for Niles, ours in the not distant future ought to be one of the most flourishing of our churches. Pastor Jones is ably assisted by his wife, whose musical and social qualities make her a host in herself.

**Berkeley, North Church.**—The annual meeting was held Wednesday, January 4th, at 8 p. m. At 6:30 the men of the church served a splendid turkey dinner in the parlors, to which more than 200 people sat down. The reports from the officers of the church revealed a very encouraging state of affairs. The total amount of money raised for home expenses was $4,281.42; for benevolences, $1,867.66. The additions to the church were forty-four, dismissals seventeen, net gain twenty-seven. A deficit of a year ago, amounting to about $1,200, was wiped out, so that the only obligation now on the church is a small sum to the Church Building Society. A budget of $3,500 for home expenses and $1,055.50 for benevouences was unanimously adopted. An increase of $100 was voted to the pastor's salary. It was unanimously voted to proceed to erect an auditorium upon the vacant part of the lot during the year, to cost not less than $15,000. A strong committee, composed of the Board of Trustees and three other persons, was appointed and are preparing to formulate plans and think out ways and means. A communion service, held Sunday, January 1st, was largely attended, fourteen persons were admitted into the church. The present membership is 351; 33 are Chinese and 30 are non-residents. Our Chinese brethren raised $918 among themselves for current expenses and missionary offerings, which is included in the foregoing totals. They have a branch church which is doing good work, the mother church being very much interested in it.

**Oakland, Fourth.**—On Wednesday evening, January 4th, the half hour of prayer service was followed by the annual church meeting, at which officers for the coming year were elected and re-elected; all departments being represented and encouraging reports read. Thre was a fair attendance of the members, and the business was taken up with earnestness and dispatch. Pursuant to a suggestion from our pastor's report, that the younger members be brought more directly into the working force of the church, Mr. Charles W. Leiter was unanimously chosen head usher, and upon the retirement of Mr. Joseph Leiter from the superintendency of the Sunday school, after eight years of most faithful, conscientious service, Mr. Bert Hunter was unanimously elected to this important office. The clerkship of the church was passed to another splendid Christian young man, Mr. Ray Comstock, and from this trio some energetic and progressive measures are anticipated. If I were asked to speak the word expressing the predominating spirit breathed into the atmosphere of this meeting, I should unhesitatingly say "kindliness," in whose train follows the achievements of the united hearts and hands of the Fourth church. Perhaps the most beautiful and satisfactory report of the evening was read by the secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. W. C. McLure, in which was discovered the source of much valuable aid in church work, as it is also the source of that love, sympathy and unselfishness which always accompanies and makes successful its labors; also revealing the fact that the society has been able to spend nearly twice as much money during the year just past as during the preceding one, giving this added proportion of support to church and missionary work, yet leaving a good balance as a starter for 1911. We step forth into the new year with a perfect faith and reliability in the new officers and other working forces of the church, and feel sure that "all things are working together for good" for us as the results of this year certainly prove. Coffee and accompanying delicacies were served at the close of the meeting by the ladies, and the friends dispersed, exchanging sincere heartfelt good wishes for the new year.

"O New Year, teach us faith; and come thou like a friend,
Whether thy face be bright or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands each in his place, and trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years."

**Oakland, First.**—An unexpected but worthily bestowed honor has come to Mr. W. N. Jenkins, of the First Congregational church, of Oakland, in his appointment to a trusteeship of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, as representative on its councils for the Pacific Coast, succeeding Dr. George C. Adams. For many years Mr. Jenkins has been an active leader in Christian Endeavor circles. This is a fitting recognition of the great services he has rendered the young life of our churches and the confidence and

esteem in which he is held alike by the leaders and members of the Christian Endeavor movement.

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### FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF PASADENA.

Pasadena First held its twenty-fifth annual meeting on the evening of January 4th, and the social hall was an attractive spot with its Christmas bells and garlands of smilax, and rows of happy faces, as three hundred people sat down together to supper.

At the close of the repast, the various organizations gave brief, bright resumes of the year's work, all of which rang with inspiration. The finances were shown to be in excellent condition, all the societies without exception reporting a balance in the treasury and all bills paid. All the departments have raised for various purposes during the year, more than $12,000. Of this sum, nearly $2,500 was given to benevolences, and $400 toward closing up building fund pledges. At a recent business meeting, the church showed its appreciation of the splendid work of its pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, by adding the substantial increase of $1,000 to his salary.

The annual report of the church clerk reviewed the history of the church, which was organized twenty-five years ago with forty-four charter members, three of whom are still in active membership. Until the coming of Dr. Fox one year ago, the church has had but three pastors, Rev. D. D. Hill, Rev. H. W. Lathe and Dr. R. R. Meredith.

During the past year 117 persons have been received into membership, 34 on confession, making a net gain of 74, and giving a membership of 454 to begin the new year.

One strong feature of the work of this church is its women's societies, meeting as they do in an all day session once a month, and thus interesting all the women in both Aid and Missionary meetings. Both societies report a paid-up membership of over one hundred, and an attendance of two hundred at the mid-day luncheon. The Women's Church Aid reports the raising of $1,075, about half of which was the proceeds from the recent bazaar. This society includes in its ministrations almost all the other departments of church work. In addition to many established enterprises, it has recently become an auxiliary to the Pasadena Hospital Association, and has established during the year a church nursery to care for young children during the morning service. The Women's Missionary Society has raised nearly $800 for home and foreign work.

The Rev. Prof. Hata, speaking for the Japanese Branch Church, made an earnest plea for a place that should be devoted entirely to worship, for this most promising work.

Hearty appreciation of the excellent work of Prof. H. F. Stone and his large chorus choir was expressed, and one of the happiest annual meetings in the history of the church closed with the words of one of the trustees ringing in willing ears: "Let us more and more make this a church for the many. Let us make its work a work worth doing. Our new pastor has made good. Let us help him to make this work a success, not in outward seeming, but in spirit and in faith."

The pastor is planning for January a series of evening sermons on "The Modern Acts of the Apostles," beginning on January 1st with the life of Gypsey Smith, and continuing the study of the lives of men eminent in the line of evangelistic effort. These services are to be followed by a brief, more intimate season of "family worship" together in the Sunday school room, and it is hoped that they will be the means of leading many to a definite decision for Christ.

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### SEATTLE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Sunday evening before the New Year the Rev. Dr. Van Horn said in a sermon in Plymouth church:

"As citizens loving our city we might better welcome a catastrophe that would sweep 100 of our best young men into the bay than for them to pass through the coming New Year's celebration. Far better that a holocaust destroy 100 of our fairest daughters than that they should drink of the terrible cup pressed to their lips at the beginning of the new year.

"We ought to know to our sorrow and horror that hundreds deliberately set apart the last hours of the year to drunkenness and debauchery. Many of them during the year preserve a respectable demeanor, some attend church and pass as church people, and then on New Year's eve give themselves to absolute license that is beastly and devilish."

New Year's eve Dr. Van Horn made a tour of the downtown streets and cafes, and the following Sunday evening in an address on "The Reign of Lawlessness" said:

"The greatest peril to our country is the spread of lawlessness; the lack of respect for the law. The thousands of young people on the streets last night gained powerful lessons in lawlessness when they saw the policemen standing at the doors of the cafes and in the cafes where disorder reigned.

"Those policemen were in the majority of instances paid by the cafe proprietors. The policemen were using their stars to make an extra few dollars.

"It is a curious state of affairs when the emblem of the majesty of the law, the policeman's blue uniform, can be hired to give an air of respectability to the breaking of the law.

"The policemen by their own confessions had orders to, or were given to understand, that license was to be allowed and that the law was not to be enforced. They were told that cafes could sell liquor until 4 o'clock on Sunday morning in defiance of the ordinance of the city. When this condition obtains the spirit of license pervades the crowd. That is the insidious danger; the encouragement of lawlessness by the very sworn guardians of the law.

"As I started out last night, a man who was with me, pointing down Second avenue, said: 'There are 100,000 people out for a good time and 1,000 will be drunk tonight.' I believe there were fully 50,000 out and considerably more than 1,000 were drunk, and drunk before midnight. I know because I saw them.

"Another thing we found out was that liquor was sold in places that were not called saloons. A cafe is supposed to be a place where one may get food. Last night it was practically impossible to get food in any one of the dozen cafes we visited.

"We tried to buy a cup of coffee and sandwiches in one of them. The waiter smiled and said he would see. He evidently did see that we didn't get any, for we didn't see such a thing as a sandwich or a cup of coffee.

"The stuff we may call booze affects in the final result all alike. In some places only beer was sold. In others only champagne. In some places we saw nothing but men in evening dress; in others no evening dress suits. But whether

they drank beer or champagne, when they had enough the result was the same.

"When a man has enough booze he becomes a fool. When a woman gets enough booze she is an appalling sight. I haven't got hardened to this thing of drunken women.

"Last night there were 2,000 drunken women in Seattle, in the cafes and on the streets. They were drunken women if flushed cheks, ribald talk and indecent actions are testimony. A drunken man is bad enough, but God save us from drunken women.

"There were all kinds of drunken women. In one place that reeked of filth, the proprietor assured me the majority were women of the streets. There they were, forgetting their shame in drink, but always keeping their eye out for a possible victim.

"The whole celebration was so cheap and tawdry, banal and beastly. It didn't seem possible that civilized men and women of the twentieth century could put themselves below the standard of dogs or swine. In reeking places these men and women were spending their money and actually working hard to have a good time.

## DEATH OF A WASHINGTON PIONEER.

### Mrs. T. W. Walters.

On the 26th day of December, 1910, Mrs. Miriam Walters, the beloved wife of Rev. T. W. Walters, after a long and painful illness, departed this life at Colfax, Washington. Mrs. Walters was born in South Wales nearly 53 years ago. Her parents, Jason P. and Mary Davies, intelligent and exemplary Christians, immigrated to this country and settled at Wilkesbarre, Pa., when she was a young girl. Both of the parents died at Colfax some years ago.

The deceased was married to Rev. T. W. Walters in 1878, soon after his ordination at Canton, New York. They left the said place for the Pacific Coast nearly 30 years ago, accepting the invitation of the late Dr. Atkinson to serve the church at Astoria, Ore. From there they moved to Colfax, when Mr. Walters became the successor of the apostolic Dr. Cushing Eells, as pastor of the Congregational church. Colfax has been their home ever since with the exception of two or three years in Spokane. They had five children, two of which were taken from them early in life, and they were afflicted by the death of a promising daughter of 15 years two years ago. A son and daughter, Melancthon and Helen, survive to mourn the loss of a most devoted mother and to comfort their father. The deceased left also two brothers, I. J. and A. J. Davies, two prominent citizens of Colfax.

Mrs. Walters was a woman of sterling qualities, capable, affable, lovable and optimistic. She was a genuine and humble Christian, one of the best wives and mothers, and a friend in need. She proved herself a real helpmeet to her husband all through the years of his ministry. Mr. Walters is a pioneer missionary of the "Inland Empire." His ministry at Colfax was successful in bringing the church to self-support among the first in the State. He was general missionary for 14 years, having Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho for his field. He suffered hardships for the Master during the early days, and had an important part in organizing and fostering neaarly half a hundred churches, and many of the old settlers remember him with warm affection. He served Pilgrim church, Spokane, during its formative period, when his health failed him about eight years ago. Since then the family has resided at Colfax. The son is a graduate of Whitman college, and is now a prosperous business man of Colfax. The daughter was a student of Whitman college when the mother was taken sick, and will probably resume her studies. Mr. Walters and family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement. He who sustained them in the past will grant His grace in this time of need.

J. EDWARDS.

Sprague, Wash.

## OREGON LETTER.

### By George H. Himes.

Information received by Dr. Dyott, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the coming Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, makes it necessary to delay the meeting a little. The last date fixed by the committee is Saturday, June 10th, to the Thursday following, inclusive. It is highly desirable that the date be such as will accommodate the largest number possible. The Pacific coast is a region of "magnificent distances," from San Diego in the south to Bellingham in the north, and from the coast to Boise, Idaho, a distance of over 500 miles from Portland, hence it is a most difficult matter to fix a date which will suit all. But for the sake of unifying the interests of the Pilgrim type of Christianity in this great empire it is hoped that the brethren throughout will make such concessions as will result in the greatest good to the greatest number.

Very satisfactory progress is now being made towards the completion of the Sunnyside Church, and it seems probable that it will be ready for dedication on Easterday.

At the communion service last Sunday twelve new members were added to the roll of the First Church.

At a recent term of the circuit court of the county in which this city is located (Multonomah), Dr. Dyott was called to act as a juror for the term. By virtue of his profession he had a legal excuse for not serving. But as he claims all the rights of citizenship, he felt it to be his duty to be willing to share all its responsibilities. And now that the term is ended, he is glad that he did not excuse himself. He did not sit upon many juries, however; but he obtained an insight into numerous phases of human nature, as well as a more intimate knowledge of court procedure than he ever had before, particularly of the jury system. The subject of his sermon this evening will be "In Our Courts of Justice; or, What a Minister Learned as a Juror."

On January 3rd the annual meeting of the Forest Grove Congregational Church took place. One hundred and fifty members sat down to a fine supper. The treasurer reported all bills paid and the indebtedness decreased $700. The treasurer reported all bills paid and the indebtedness decreased $700. Fifty-nine new members were added during the year. Eight were received last Sunday.

The annual meeting of the Riverside Church, Hood River, occurred last Thursday evening, and was preceded by a banquet for two hundred members and friends of the church. A new constitution, confession of faith and covenant were adopted in the interests of simpler and more effective working. A new church building is greatly needed, for the accommodation of the growing congregations, and

the trustees were unanimously instructed to take the necessary steps to secure one.

An association to promote international arbitration was organized last evening in this city. This matter has been under consideration some time. It was the intention of those having it in charge to organize a year ago, and the name of the late Judge Williams was the first on the list of charter members. On signing the list he said: "I am no longer able to attend to any public matters of this sort. In fact, my daughter does not permit me to go out to any meetings or gatherings of any kind. But I do not remember anything that I ever signed so willingly and so cheerfully as I now sign this paper. I have had some part in bringing about the Alabama settlement with Great Britain on the basis of international arbitration, and I now look upon that as one of the most useful efforts of my life."

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Astoria will occur in April. The citizens of that city propose to appropriately celebrate that event, and in doing so have set about raising $50,000 for that purpose, and hope to secure $100,000 by state appropriation to supplement it. The date of the celebration is not yet fixed, but it is certain well towards the end of the summer.

So far this winter has been a most delightful one. Not a flake of snow yet, very few frosts, and thousands of roses in bloom.

Portland, January 8, 1911.

### OREGON.

**Hood River, Oregon.**—Two hundred sat down to supper at annual meeting of Riverside church. Added 44 members last year; doubled budget for new year; adopted new constitution, confession of faith and covenant in the interests of similar organization, the new Congregationalism and more vital Godliness. Church and congregation voted unanimously to instruct trustees to take immediate steps to secure a new building and present plans within eight weeks. A very healthy interest and enthusiasm prevails. Edward A. Harris came last year from Illinois to the pastorate at Hood River.

# The Home.

"They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quickly, such crime
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here."

### THE CREAKING DOOR.

When we first came into this office, writes the editor of the Methodist Protestant, an honored and aged minister, said: "I have just one word of advice to give you, 'Hold your horses.'" He knew how easily the Irish and Dutch blood would throb with passion, and his advice was to guard the temper, so that nothing intemperate or unprovoked should find its way into the editorial columns of the paper. He has not lived to see how difficult at times it was to follow his advice, nor can we now tell him how timely was his fatherly admonition. When we are tempted to fretfullness or ill-tempered words it is better to whistle than to speak or write. To keep the temper in proper tone is to save oneself of many irritating and embarrassing situations and to be far happier in the end.

We once read of an old gentleman who lived in a large home and had most everything he wanted. Yet he was unhappy, and made himself so because he fretted over everything that did not go as he wanted it. He was harsh and cross, and expressed himself in strong terms, until at last he could not keep servants about him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor to tell the story of his irritations and distresses. "It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself; what do you mean by that?"

"I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been in constant use ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," said the old gentleman. How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," was the reply. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does anything amiss, do not be cross and harsh; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no unkind or ugly words were ever heard in that house afterward. Servants were better, everything went along well and the old man became noted for his happy and serene character. The door that creaks should be oiled, and everybody should have a supply of the oil that stops the creak in human nature. A fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, a fault-finding spirit, does not only make others uncomfortable and disobliging, but it reacts in discomfort and unhappiness upon himself.

"Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love."

### HAPPY SOLITUDE.

"They spoiled my day," wailed the disappointed one. "I had reveled in thoughts of what a good time I was going to have, all alone here while the folks were having a good time in their own way. Not that I do not love to have people with me, but I do love a solitude time, too, once in a while. You've heard 'I'm never less alone than when I am alone,' haven't you? I can fill hours and hours with people who are hundreds of miles away; with good times that were gone years ago; with nice things that people have said or done—with all sorts of happy thoughts. I was going to have just such a lovely time today, all by myself, when in came some well-meaning blunderers, to keep me 'from being lonely while the folks were gone.' They filled my precious hours with useless chatter—those hours that were to be so full of happy solitude."

And though she laughed over her tragic recital, there were traces of tears in her eyes that told how truly she meant it all.

Some people declare that they cannot bear to be left

alone for even a short time. They do not know what deep joy they miss by not having the happy solitude habit. Society is wholesome for character, Lowell says, but he prefaces it with: "Solitude is as needful to the imagination." More than that, solitude is the truest judge of society—of our living, of our words, of our acts among our fellows. For only the true aad the good, the clean of heart and conscience, can make a happy solitude. So a time apart, alone with one's self and memory, is a fine influence for good during the time spent among people. Each helps the other, either way you take them.—Cora S. Day, in Interior.

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We plan—and plan: "This shall be so—and so.
This shall I do," and "Thither shall I go."
Yet, as the hours shape themselves to days,
We tread not in those, same self-chosen ways;
Our feet are led 'long paths we had not guessed,
And lo! we find those newer paths are best!

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### A WIFE'S SOFT ANSWER.

"We have been married thirty-seven years," said Mr. Gardiner Andrews, " and in all that time my wife never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I ever chided her. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had been married about two years. I had found a button off my shirt, and threw it across the room.

" 'Sew a button on,' " I said in a brutal voice. She was a good Christian woman, and she got a button and sewed it on."

"And what did she say?" asked a little, bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said, 'Forgive me husband; I had a great deal to do yesterday and forgot it; but it shall never happen again.' "

"Oh," said the man, fixing his eyes on the picture of his dear wife, "her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

There was a silence as he finished speaking, interrupted by a general clearing of throats, and a confused snuffling, as if we all had colds, and the little woman's snapping eyes looked suspiciously dim.

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# Our Young People

### DEAR OLD MUGGINS.

Whoever heard of a religious horse? Of course we all know that horses are considered very intelligent, but the one I am going to tell you about seemed to love to go to church. Muggins was his name, and he was of a beautiful bay color. For twenty-five years he had drawn his owner and family to service, and during the last twenty years had missed but two Sabbath days. Every morning of the week Muggins was carefully groomed and every once in a while was "regularly" scrubbed with soap and water. Now what do you think of that? You see he was well cared for.

One particular Sabbath morning Muggins' owner, Mr. H. B. Smith, remarked to his wife:

"Jane, I believe 'Mug' is getting too old to carry us to church. He goes pretty well yet, but I notice he heaves badly coming up the hill this side of the parsonage."

"Poor Muggins!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "I suppose that's so; but, Harris, I don't know how we should feel to ride behind any other horse. I should miss him."

"So should I," agreed Mr. Smith; "but I really think we would better turn him out to pasture on church days hereafter."

The following Sabbath was rather unpleasant but Mr. and Mrs. Smith decided to brave the weather. Accordingly, Bess, a younger horse, was pressed into service, and carried the family swiftly to their destination.

"All the same," said Mrs. Smith, "I like Muggins best, don't you, children?"

Indeed the children did.

Service over, Mr. Smith went around to the shed which stood back of the church building, to get Bess and the buggy. What was his unbounded astonishment to see in an adjoining stall dear old Muggins! There he stood as complacently as if he had been expected to be there. When Mr. Smith went toward him he glanced around as if to say:

"You can't keep me from attending church. You can use a younger horse if you want to, but I shall have to come too."

"It's a shame to throw you over, Muggins, old boy, isn't it?" said Mr. Smith repentantly. Muggins' answer was to rub his head lovingly on his master's coat sleeve.

When Mrs. Smith and the children learned what had happened there was great excitement. Muggins was patted and hugged, given sugar lumps, affectionately talked to, and sincerely admired by one and all. Even the pastor gave him a good deal of attention, and as the Smith family drove home, with Muggins following slowly behind, the preacher was heard to say:

"Well, well! if my congregation would only do as well as that poor old horse, how proud and satisfied I should be. No obstacle, it seems, can keep him from service. Just think of his coming in the rain, too." A steady downpour had begun by this time.

On the way home the Smith family were puzzled to tell how Muggins secured his freedom.

"Oh!" said Mr. Smith suddenly, "I remember now! I didn't put him in the pasture at all but in the stable. I just believe I must have forgotten to shut the door."

"And," Mrs. Smith finished, "dear old Muggins couldn't stand the ringing of the bell and just trotted off to church." —Ex.

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### SOME GARDEN SECRETS.

Greta found Alan lying face down on the bank of the lily pond. He was staring hard into the water.

"What are you looking for, Alan?" she asked, coming up behind him and staring down, too.

"Trying to see a tadpole turn into a frog," said Alan. "You know they drop their tails off and turn into regular frogs, but I don't see any spare tails lying around, and I've watched and watched and none of them seem to be shedding their tails today."

"That's something like watching a bud blossom," said Greta. "You know, when a bud looks as if it were going to open surely in a minute, and you watch and watch and watch and watch till you almost go to sleep, and it doesn't move a mite, then, if, after you go off and play for just a tiny minute, when you come back it's all blossomed out. But I guess, if you watched forever, you'd never see a tadpole's tail drop off, for they don't drop off."

"They do, too," said Alan. "How else do they get rid of them? When they're tadpoles they have tails, and when they're frogs they have none, so they must drop 'em."

"I used to think so," said Greta. "But Aunt Peggy, she

goes to college, you know, and she learned there that they don't lose their tails off—the tadpoles, I mean. They just grow shorter and shorter till they disappear inside of the frog. I suppose it is something the way a turtle drows his head in his shell, only the turtle does it often and quickly and the tadpole does it once awfully slowly, and never pokes it out again. Aunt Peggy said the tail changed inside of the frog, but I didn't understand very well all about it."

"When I grow up, I'm going to college to find out for myself," said Alan determinedly.

"So am I," said Greta. "Aunt Peggy told me about a funny black-fish called the squid that manufactures ink inside of himself, and when his enemies are pursuing him in the water, he just spills a lot of the ink into the water so the water gets all cloudy and the enemy can't see the squid at all and he escapes."

'He's a real smart fish, isn't he?" said Alan. "Did your Aunt Peggy ever see one?"

"Yes, and she saw the ink, too, and she dipped a pen in it and wrote her name and the date, and that it was written in squid ink. And it looks most like any ink. If you'll come in the house she'sll show it to you."

As the children were going to the house Alan said:

"There's one other thing I'd like to see, and that's a snake crawling out of his skin. You know that snake's skin we found in the bushes last summer? Well, I'd just like to have seen the snake crawl out of it."

"We'll have to keep our eyes open," said Greta.—New York News.

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### WHEN MELVIN STAYED WITH AUNTIE.

Mrs. O. V. Rice.

Mother and grandmother wanted to go shopping.

Sometimes little Melvin, twenty months old, went shopping too, but he had not been since the day at the department store when he had pulled a large box of loose buttons from the barga'n table and spilled them under the feet of the crowd. His mother said that she would rather stay at home than take him again.

Today they were in luck, for Aunt Laura was with them and said she could keep the little rogue as well as not. She was a nurse and knew just how to care for babies. She was resting between cases and had nothing to do but write a few letters; so mother and grandmother set out, feeling that all would be well at home.

Melvin played around auntie's room for a little time, till the surroundings grew somewhat familiar, then he began to reach for the ink bottle and tug at auntie's skirts. He was given a box of hairpins and before the writer had again taken her pen in hand, he had emptied them into the middle of the rug, and with a flourish of his little fat hand, had sent them flying to the four corners of the room.

Next he helped himself to the big pincushion from the dresser, and stealing to the open window, dropped it to the pavement below. His eye was next taken with auntie's open suit case, and seizing her little thermometer he proceeded to jab some little holes with it in the lace window curtain. When auintie remonstrated he lifted up his voice and wept, but finally consented to be amused with a litle red leather-covered book. It was auntie's address book which an appreciative doctor had given her, and was filled with addresses of friends, grateful patients, future engagements, etc. Could it be trusted to the little fat fists? Melvin was used to holding books and did not tear them, so a little doubtfully at first, auntie put the bright book into his jumper pocket. It was just a fit and he could take it out and put it back himself, which he proceeded to do, times without number, reading aloud from it between times. Meanwhile, auntie hurried as fast as her pen would fly to try and get one letter done before the postman should ring.

Suddenly she became aware that Melvin had stolen down the stairs. He had a funny way of getting down; lying flat and stiff on his little stomach, he would let himself slide, feet first like a broomstick, till he reached the bottom.

Auntie began to call, and just as she was hurrying down mother and grandmother came in. The family held a reunion in the hall where Melvin joined them.

The shoppers showed their purchases, and then hastened to "pick up" a supper. A cup of tea, some bread and butter and cold meat was all they stopped to get, for it was near baby's bedtime. When they were seated at the table, auntie told them that Melvin had been the "bestest" little boy, and not a bit of trouble. Mother was pouring the tea when grandmother exclaimed, "Why, daughter, what kind of tea is that? I never saw any look so red." A glance into the tea pot gave no explaining cause, and mother hastily retired to the kitchen. A moment later she returned bearing the teakettle in one hand and in the other the soaking remains of what had been a little red leather address book.

When they asked the boy whatever had possessed him to put the little red book into the teakettle, he shook his sleepy head, waved a little fat hand, and said "bye-bye."

Upland, Cal.

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### THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Tall was my camel and laden high,
And small the gate as a needle's eye.

The city within was very fair,
And I and my camel would enter there.

"You must lower your load," the porter cried
"You must throw away that bundle of pride."

"Now," said the porter, "to make it less,
Discard that bundle of selfishness."

I obeyed, though with much ado,
Yet still nor camel nor I got through.

'Ah," said the porter, "your load must hold
Some little package of trust-in-gold."

The merest handful was all I had,
Yet "throw it away," the porter bade.

Then lo, a marvel! the camel tall
Shrank to the size of the portal small.

And all my riches, a vast estate,
Easily passed through the narrow gate!

—Amos R. Wells.

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